

SHAKER AND SHAKERESS

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F. W. EVANS,
EDITOR.

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SOCIAL GATHERING.

On the 19th August, we, the Gathering Order of Mt. Lebanon Shakers, held, for the seventeenth time, our annual social union meeting—never once having failed for want of weather. Not only have we had weather enough, but it has been, as on this occasion, simply perfect. Whether this has happened to be so by *chance*, or has occurred under Law, and by design of interested parties in the two worlds, is an open question.

One hundred and fourteen were on the ground. All enjoyed the occasion, without a drawback. Dialogues, in which from four to seven took part, were enacted. Short speeches were delivered by many. Over fifty original articles and treatises were read, mostly by the writers. It was a foretaste of Heaven. The general feeling was, by a young sister, thus expressed: "I do not believe there ever was, since the world was made, any thing quite so good as our Annual Social Gathering."

MEETINGS should be times of religious confidence among those who assemble—the interior soul feelings coming from the heavens, grounded in the conscience, can then find confession and expression.

If the meetings of natural men and women are free, in the mutual confidence of a common sensuality, to those therein immersed, how much more free should be the meeting of souls, in the God element, for spiritual judgment and mutual elevation. How sacred should such occasions be held, and all things therewith connected.

The proper use of secretiveness is to conceal those things that are too good to be communicated—not common. A true, religious meeting is a prophesy of union, in a permanent, spiritually religious life—a meeting that will never break up.

When that high order is attained, the past will become the present, and the present will be eternity. The loves and affections will have become spiritualized. We shall have found real fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters—Gospel relations, who will be as unchangeable as truth, as kind and loving as their Father and Mother—God.

THE OLD WORLD DIES.

AND what have we to do about it? Why, to join with angel hands who are demolishing its corrupt but lingering institutions, political, social and religious, for "passing away" is written on all effete institutions of the age. "The yesterdays are gone. Let them go."

As the new born sun of righteousness peers

in upon the pathway of the pure in heart, enabling them to "see God" and walk "in the light of life," the crude crutches of a limping faith in God, fall from their grasp. And as we see the erect living human temple—a soul arrayed in truth—walking in the garden of the Lord, and beckoning us on to Elysium, a healing inspiration thrills our being and makes us whole in faith that a power is about to be shed upon humanity, causing it to seek after God and Heaven; a power that makes "all things new and all things of God" in the new Earth and new Heavens.

In inimitable music a *new song* bursts upon our souls, with our spirit eye we look down the aisles of time, of man-made churches and human creeds, and see the platforms of theological error being removed plank by plank. Delusions, as strongly set as the pyramids of the ages—delusions—which have been the arbiters of faith, the fruitful source of division in the churches called Christian, and the dominating rule in secular policies, severing the fraternal bonds of nations, and bathing them in blood—are being destroyed by angel hands.

Shells of truth are being cracked, the kernel tasted; invigorated by its nourishment, God's agents are turning the old world of error and sin, upside down. The *soul* of institutions, political, social, moral and religious is being disrobed of garments that have deceived their votaries and the new born mind, and resurrected spirit, is discovering the motors that are moving humanity to day. The fulsome, hypocritical, selfish policies, that have organized and directed human governments, both mundane and religious, will be exhumed and exposed, their base purposes comprehended by the common mind, and truth, simple as the driving wheel of a velocipede, will be harnessed to the car of human progress, propelling it onward to the goal of God.

Rays of light—the life examples of those who follow Christ are beaming upon the theological cloud—"mystery of Godliness"—and it is found to be as simple as the two halves of an orange. The Christian's God is not a triple headed male monster, not the theologically created, baleful, vengeful tyrant who destroys human beings at his pleasure; blesses and saves whom he will, and damns whom he pleases, without regard to good or evil deeds. God is, in esse, a bisexual being—the Heavenly Parentage of man. The Father revealed by Jesus, first born Heavenly Son. The mother, by Ann, first born Heavenly Daughter. Ann Lee, imitating Jesus, in practical life of Godliness, aided by the life of her children, establishes the fact of the Motherhood of God, even as did the *life* of Jesus, the Fatherhood. They twain reveal the "new

man" in Christ. Mediatorially the Divine will and purpose both for the "new Earth and new Heaven" are vouchsafed to man. The first by the light of a burning bush, through the thundering Sinai, by commandments, etched on tables of stone, by a voice, through the ministration of angels. The latter, by a succession of ministering spirits, and by souls, redeemed from sin and wrong—the harvest of honest confession and repentance.

Commencing with Jesus, then extending down, through male and female witnesses, who, by obedience, keep heavenly relation to the Divine Mind, until the testimony reaches the most debased human soul who may be resurrected and elevated to the Divine Life.

Christianity, instead of being a mummy saint, eighteen hundred years old, dead in formulas, and smothered in ceremonies, without the life of God, wrapt about with a winding sheet of human creeds; embalmed by imputed righteousness; encased in a petrified sarcophagus of the blood of Jesus, and healed of the wounds of sin by the stripes of a Judean thong, in its reappearing is discovered to be a *character*, new born, living, consisting of *righteousness*. Its vital currents pulsed in the veins of the baptized Jesus as by humiliation he learned obedience by the things he suffered, and became a "son of God," the same vitalizing spirit flows in the life currents of every true follower of Christ. By the light of this new born gospel day, Christian atonement, for humanity's ransom, is manifested by each individual on the altar of self denial, as did Jesus, Peter, Paul, Ann, and others. In fine, the mysterious cloudy creed of theological Christianity, called Catholic, with its *posthumous* salvation *in* sin, by death bed declaration of faith in Jesus' death; its water baptisms for soul purifications; its elections to salvation and damnation by Divine arbitration, without regard to works; its free grace redemptions without repentance of sin; its glorifications without righteousness; its withering damnation by eternal punishment—without eternal sin; its mysterious eucharist; its triune male God; aye, its whole mystic churchal cloud, is swept away like the dew, by the rays of the sun of this new born day of God. The old world dies!

Christian discipleship instead of being faith alone, is discovered to consist of confession and repentance of sin; and redemption from its nature by crosses, thus becoming sons and daughters of God—our Heavenly Father and Mother. The Christian's God is just and righteous, yet merciful and forgiving. No human being is so cruel and unjust as to punish the most perfectly good man for the sins of all the rest of humanity; much less will the Christian's God punish *man* on that principle, and still less punish a *fellow God*.

Truth is come, the *soul that sins*, dies, the soul who works righteousness lives. The confessing, repenting sinner is resurrected to spiritual life in God and peace with man. Good works are sermons, more potent than the orations of Demosthenes, the folio opinions of Calvin, Luther, or the Romish Pope. *Ceasing to do evil* will more effectually cast out the devil than hurling a Lutheran inkstand at his head.

A righteous life weds its possessor to God, and thus mated—Jesus like—the human soul bath boldness without egotism; power without usurpation; authority without priestly laying on of hands; pathos without human affectation; mercy without partiality; justice without revenge; love without lust; peace without sacrifice of principle, and honor without throne of regal state. This was the amulet of Jesus!

The germinal principles of human law for the protection and guidance of society, needs to be purgated of the hypocrisy and deceit that now hide the motive of self interest of rulers. And the greatest good of the greatest number must become the laws.

The old world dies, let it die. For the day is dawning when both political and theological potentates shall know that there is a power above the thrones of church or state, to which all knees shall bow, a simple creed, which all tongues shall confess as authority, and that creed is given in two words—*Godly life*.

Elder Giles B. Avery, Mr. Lebanon, N. Y.

THE SITUATION.

NEVER did the theological world, present the appearance of "choose ye this day whom ye will serve," more than the present time. At no period, since the Reformation, have there been as many departures from the so-called orthodoxies as now; nor so few successes for the churches, that arraign their heretics, as since the beginning of the last half of the nineteenth century. That there is a heaven hidden in the earth, that is working mischief with man-made creeds and unsavory dogmas, is apparent to the dullest comprehension; and that this heaven is making Babylon, worse confounded, in the social and religious circles of the earthly order, is cogent, even to the minds of those, not given to reflection. Infidelity in the efficacy of infant baptism: incredulity to infallibility; tendency to the confessional, and the preference of good works before good faith, are but drops before the shower, that will lead to many followers of the recent apostates, of these, and many similar pre-supposed, infallible theological enactments.

The expulsion of one Hyacinthe, is only the rearing of the standard of a new departure, that has more followers than tongue can tell. The "Swing" recently enacted at Chicago, with procedures there, of the same character, not long ago, will be followed by hundreds of cases more defiant than these; should the Churches accept the challenge, which the gospel of common sense seems daily multiplying, as with arithmetical progression. The arraignment of a Cuyler, for recognizing that woman is equally a saviour with man; and that it is only heathenish, and worse, to fail of acknowledging that God is as much female as male; and the employment of Smiley and her Sisters, are making this proclamation a home-thrust, in thousands of hearts, where, by

no other agency, could it possibly enter. This arraignment is one of the largest blessings in disguise—the sprouting of a truth, in a new field, that "will not down" at the bidding of all the Churches combined. God be praised, and blessed be Cuyler!

The scare of the Elmira Congregationalists, as given by their noble pastor, in the advocacy of oral confession, comes in for a share of our admiration, and is a notable "straw" that indicates the inclination of the "situation," as being more towards *Christianity*, than towards *Romanism*. And to this Beecher, of Elmira, is credited the advice to his Brooklyn Brother, of "preaching less philosophy, and practicing more Christianity." No "sorrow" would follow such action. The union, of the "old and new" schools, has its significance, that points to less hair-splitting theology, and more real philanthropy. The universal admission that Presbyterians and Universalists are nearer, and more loving neighbors, bears evidence of the fact that predestination, foreordination, and total depravity, will eventually lie in one common grave. What means the departure from entire reliance on the vicarious atonement theory? a declension in Methodist mummery of leaving the whole debt for Jesus to pay; and the more prevalent demand for good works, than for good faith? Not one Wesleyan in ten, now clings to the atonement, with the confidence and tenacity of thirty years ago!

Can we pass by the revolt against the military drill in the Colleges, as having no significance upon the religious situation? And the general desire of the nation, as expressed through its representatives, to reduce its army and navy; does this arise from its financial situation, or from the advanced ground of moral necessity? What means the iconoclasm of English, German and Italian States, with others, against their union with the Church? What happiness may we feel, that God, through the people, refuses the admission of his or her name, or that of Jesus Christ, Ann Lee, Virgin Mary, the Methodist, or any other Church within the constitution of these United States! And following the progress of truth, when should we stop? The Second Adventists and thousands of others, have thankfully lost hope in a physical resurrection, after death. Spiritualists are learning that spiritualism is no more of a salvation to them, than is the cast-off faith of the blood of Jesus. Men and women of all denominations are learning that they are sinners; and that there is no way out of sin, except by a self-denying repentance, that stops their sinning; and good works are at a higher premium, even outside of religious denominations, than is the most popular persuasion, without good works. The primitive Christian Church, is brought into better repute, in these days, than for hundreds of years in the past; and a demand for its repetition, as a Christian necessity, is now more easily evoked than for ages. Churches are admitting the great disparity of brotherhood, between the first Christian Church, and the popular so-called Churches of to-day; and reforms are already numerous. The multitudes recognize great departure in their lives—however good members of popular Churches they may be—from the life Jesus lived; the life his disciples lived in that day, after their conversion; and the life which his followers—Christians—are only justified in

living to-day. Upon reviewing the *situation*, I am more than satisfied that the progress is in the right direction; and that in the life and works of humble, but unpopular Christianity, the *Shaker saints*, in their heavens upon earth, are still the *Vanguard*.

Elder G. A. Lomas, Waterlot, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PLEASANT HILL, Ky., July 28, 1874.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER—For the letter you wrote me two weeks ago, I am thankful: and as I am in doubt as to duty on one, if not two points, please advise me.

First—Can I consistently unite without fully believing in the dual and sexual nature of God; or the inspiration, or Motherhood of Ann Lee? Her practical good, in the line of progress, I gratefully accept, as I do yours and other Reformers'. The celibacy, communism in property, anti-war, fashion, style and cast of your societies—including equality of the sexes—have been my principles for years, excepting the first, which I now accept. But to the "sacred roll and book" I demur. It may be even so, but as I am careful, and possibly slow to prove all things, it is not yet so proven to my mind as to command belief.

Second—If I ought to unite, should I stay here or go to you? As a visitor I came hither one week ago. As you know, the location is favorable, the more aged members industrious, frugal, and in all substantial worthy; and yet *Conservative*. Whereto they have attained, they literally walk by the same rule: not forgetting things behind, nor reaching forth to any new things before. I must reform and progress. They, especially Paulina Bryant, Chief Eldress, and all sisters including the children, are urging me to abide, and influence my wife and two daughters to come. With your people I know there is more congeniality and enjoyment. Here, more need of my work. Can it be done? Will they hear, or even forbear? May they—the Elders—not go so far as to forbid my efforts to reform? For their work hands and visitors they cook pork, lard, tea and coffee and other unclean things—using, themselves, these bad drinks—and raising swine on one part of their grounds—the mill. I fear they are sliding back to the world, in eating, drinking and drugging. Progress, in science—practical facts in God's works—they ignore, save four or five members. Can I be blessed with the wisdom of the serpent and harmlessness of the dove, sufficient to persuade them onwards and upwards? The few minds, here, in sympathy with progress, discourage the hope yet wish me to stay. Their property, worth near half a million, united with their great cause of human purity, is too much to be lost. But their agriculture, horticulture, house-keeping, hygiene, and in a word, all, needs improvement. Ought I, the least of all saints, to try in my humble way?

I enclose a testimonial as to a little of what I have done, and send you a copy of my treatise, years ago on suffrage.

In the confidence of a Christian Brother, I hope to receive your advice. They have extended, to me, the utmost kindness, and heard me, for twenty minutes, last Sabbath; but seem to fear widening from the old paths, not to say ruts. By no means would I change a jot of the first genuine faith; but desire to learn all the useful our Father has for us, in

these latter days. As I expect to remain a week, or ten days longer, please write me here.

With due esteem and Christian regard, I am your unworthy Brother,

W. Perkins.

Have Dr. Trall's diploma, have treated sick for fifteen or twenty years, and lost but one patient, and he because he left my prescription.

W. P.

Mt. Lebanon, July 31, 1874.

W. PERKINS,

DEAR FRIEND—Your letter of 28th inst. is at hand. You ask if you can, "consistently, unite, without fully believing in the duality and sexuality of God, and in the inspiration and motherhood of Ann Lee."

Jesus asked the questioners, in his day—"How can ye believe, who seek honor, one of another?"

If any man will do the works, he shall know and understand the doctrine. The physical, moral and spiritual STATE, of a person, determines his or her power or capacity of belief.

We have, in our family, a person, who was obedient to and observant of the rules of the family, for about a year, before he traveled to deep, spiritual, religious conviction of sin; and believed, with all his heart, the doctrines of our system. I have been under the influence of the system, some forty-four years, and its principles and beautiful doctrines were never so brightly expanding, enlarging and absorbingly interesting, as at this present time. I would believe, because I could not help it; practice, because I could not, conscientiously, do otherwise—would preach it for the love of humanity, if left, like Elijah, all alone. *I have life in myself.*

The fruit of the Gospel tree attracts you to it. If you come as a little child—a learner—you will gather to and respect those who have *done the works*; but who do not yet fully *know* of the increase of the Gospel doctrines. If, in them, there be any love of self, any lack of self denial, that the *increasing* testimony—the second thunder—would take cognizance of, new comers have need of patience, until such as have been, for so many years, doing the will of God, in obeying the testimony of the first Gospel degree—the first thunder—shall receive their reward, which will be power to "increase with the increase of God." "To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the Sons of God and Daughters of God." That was the pay they received. It will be so with the *old Believers*—genuine Shakers.

You need the Gospel that *they have lived*. They need the *increase* that you *see*, but have not yet *lived*. You can well afford to bear with them, if they can bear with you. You should not rebel against them because of the truths they *do not yet practice*. And they, in the Christ spirit, can do nothing against the truths, you see, but cannot reduce to practice until you do the first works which they have done—confess and forsake all the sins you see in yourself, and hate the flesh. Hate your own generative life, with all the relations growing out of it, without hating your

own person or hating any other persons. Fulfill all contracts, or legally dissolve them. Perform all duties that that order has created.

I do not see how you can help believing in the duality of God—*except from bad diet*—for all things are dual. If you believe in God as the fountain from whence so many dual streams flow, "believe also in me," and with me, that God is and is *dual*. And so with the motherhood of Ann Lee. Why, she had four natural children, and she has thousands of spiritual children, yourself included. Will you deny her motherhood? If you did not believe her inspiration, verbally, believe for her works' sake. But you do believe. *Lord help your unbelief.*

As to the "Sacred Roll" and "Wisdom's Book," some believers had as good a right to make fools of themselves, about *two* books, as the whole of Christendom had, to do so, for centuries, about *one* book which they had made. When the Israelites had made a calf of *choice things*, they worshiped it for a little while, until they became ashamed of themselves. After worshiping Jesus so long, what if we did worship Ann Lee for a season? And after bowing down, for ages, to the idol King James set up—the Bible—what if we did bow down, for a few years, to two books, that ourselves had made? They contain almost as much good as the Protestant *male* book, and a great deal less evil. At least, they did represent *duality*.

Under our anti-Christian education, when Spiritualism broke out among us, we mistook it for Religion. In the beginning, what was supernatural was Divine and Holy. The Instruments were Angels, and the Spirits were the Lord God, Amen. Now we know the Spirits were no better than they should be, and that the Instruments were men and women, of like passions, subject to the same infirmities as our poor selves. That is all. A word to the wise, who discern the principle, is sufficient.

As to your remaining there, or coming here, it is only a question whether you will be an affliction and an infliction to Pleasant Hill, or to Mt. Lebanon.

Some body will have to suffer many things on your account before you become identified with the institution—flesh of its flesh and bone of its bone—for, until you "eat my flesh and drink my blood," said Jesus, you will have no part with me. That means suffering. It means a baptism of the Christ Spirit, and all the gifts and graces flowing from obedience—spiritual obedience.

You ask my advice, as a Christian Brother, and in a rough, off hand way, I give it. But I love you, have been pleased with the feeling and sphere of your letters.

As you have found a certain relation to Pleasant Hill and its ruling Elders, I prefer to let them "advise" as to your location of settlement.

Wherever you can receive, from the Institution, the most good and be the most benefited, *personally*, you will do the most good.

Fraternally,

F. W. Evans

THERE never was a great man unless through divine inspiration. Cicero.

SHAKER CENTENNIAL.

—
Mt. Lebanon, August 6, 1874.

BELOVED J. M. PEEBLES:

Your last, from New York, is under my eye. If any thing I write comforts or strengthens you in your life work as a Christ Prophet—a diffuser of light and purity—life from the inner Heavens—I am "glad, and rejoice," I live to be and do good.

One hundred years ago, to-day, Mother Ann Lee and her little band landed in New York, on Sabbath eve. They were in a new world, having fled from the face of the monster, blasphemously calling itself the Church of Christ—the Episcopal Church of Old England—a powerful Hierarchy which was forever pointing the poor of the earth to the heavens, there to behold a crucified Jesus, standing, with pierced hands and feet and bleeding side, pleading for those whom they, the priests, had robbed of their inheritance in the land; and then employed press-gangs to force them into the English armies and navies to fight for their God and King, whom, in their hearts, they cursed, and looked upwards to see if there were not better Gods and beings, than their God and King.

In the "Beecher-Tilton scandal," there is more than the public or even your own dear self may imagine.

It is not *persons*, but principles and systems. It means *Babylon*. Generation and Christianity mixed, God, not man, is in it. It is the judgment of Protestantism in America, even as Catholicism is being judged in Europe. Does not Europe possess her infallible Pope? And does not America possess an image of that infallible Pope, in every one of her great, popular preachers and leaders? War "the Bible and Sharp's Rifles," are component parts of Protestantism as of Catholicism.

How long since Church and State Clergy were slave holders? Some being slaves and Christian ministers too. It is judgment day. The revelation of the Christ Spirits is, increasingly, brighter and brighter. The Christ Angels do often obsess the public men, like T. K. Beecher, Chapin, Chever, Tyng and H. W. Beecher, and corresponding leading women. And in the "fervent heat" of their inspiration, cause them to forget *themselves*, and to utter sentiments and advance ideas, consistent only with Shaker theology. This creates confusion in their own minds, and great incongruity between their life conduct, and their preaching is the result. Not that they, as men and women, are "sinners above all others." But being quickened by Christ Angels, and their spiritual powers developed, they are capable of sinning beyond the power of the unbaptised. If their light be turned to darkness—to do evil—how great the darkness! And how transcendent the evil!!

When the seven plagues are fulfilled in Babylon, and the seven devils—of which the prostitution of the reproductive powers is chief—are cast out, war and poverty will not be. The noble, cultivated powers and faculties of our intellectual giants and giant-

cases, will be left free for the service of Heavenly Ministering Angels, who are hovering—brooding—over the whole of Babylon—Catholic, Greek and Protestant. And their rest from *self serving*, will be glorious.

Repentant *Peter*—the symbol of Rome, which has denied and crucified the true Christ for 1,260 years—will become their *Father*. And *Mary Magdalen*—the symbol of Protestantism—will be their *Mother*.

Babylon—Flesh and Spirit Order—is fallen—is fallen—before the Angel of Spiritualism, and Harvesting Angels follow on to attend unto, and cut down the wheat and tares, which are so inextricably mixed and interblended, that none other than Christ Spirits could or would do any thing with them. Such as call upon the name—character—of true Shakers, will be saved. For in Christ's second appearing, there is salvation from the "sins of the world," that are, even now, "accusing the Saints of God day and night continually." And swamping the fleshmongering amphibious Christians—Priests and People—in Pilgrim's Slough of Despond.

Write and tell me you will be, in spirit, if not in body, at our social gathering.

Fraternally,
P. W. Evans.

AS YOU SOW, SO WILL YOU REAP.

THE man who undertakes to live two lives will find that he is living but one, and that one is a life of deception. Causes will be true to their effects. That which you sow you will reap. If you live to the flesh, to the passions, to the corrupt inclinations, you may depend upon it that the fruit which is in store for you will be that which belongs to these things. There can be no doubt as to what your harvest will be. If you think that after your day's business is done you can shut the blinds and carry on your orgies in secret with your evil companions; if you think that you can serve the devil by night, and then go forth and look like a sweet and virtuous young man, that goes in the best society, and does not drink nor gamble, nor commit any vice, then the devil has his halter about your neck, and he leads you, the stupidest fool in all the crowd. You deceive nobody but yourself. There is an expression in your eyes that tells stories. Passions stain clear through. A man might as well expect to take nitrate of silver—whose nature is to turn him to a lead color—and not have the doctor know it, as to expect that he can form evil habits and pursue mischievous courses and not have it known. It does not need a sheriff to search out and reveal the kind of life that you are living. Every law of God in nature is an officer after you. It does not require a court judge and jury to try and condemn you. All nature is a court room, and every principle thereof is a part of that court which tries and condemns you. Do not think that there can be such a monstrous misadjustment of affairs as that you can do this work of the devil and have the remuneration of an angel.—H. W. Beecher.

CANAAN, VT., August 12, 1874.

ELDER F. W. EVANS—My dear friend—Your kind favor of August 10, inviting me to be among you upon the occasion of your social gathering, was duly received. And, though against my heart's wishes, must say it will be impossible for me to be present, in body, owing to previous lecture engagements. But I promise to be with you in spirit and the fellowship of heart, which seeks the good of common humanity. Created social beings, it

is eminently proper to occasionally meet and mingle upon the intellectual and spiritual planes of life for mutual benefit. Such seasons, comparable to oases, are highly enjoyable. Often do I mourn, because deprived (traveler and pilgrim as I am) of the privilege of oftener meeting congenial souls—those whose sympathies are aflame with reform; whose aspirations reach up to the heavens; whose natures have been quickened by baptismal fires, and who, standing upon the mount of vision, walk even now with the angels of the resurrection. The date of this assures you I am in Canaan, where lecturing upon spiritualism, and reflecting upon the signs of the times, there comes to me this old hymn:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie."

The banks of mortal life are truly "stormy" and almost fainting by the way, we often cast "wishful eyes" toward spiritual Canaan the Zion of eternal peace and rest. Do we see alike the signs of the times? The old theological heavens and the political earths are being rolled up like a scroll. The social world is in a terrible ferment. The devil seems let loose for a little season. Surely "the judgment is set." And yet, beyond present storms are lightning skies. God has not forsaken the world; Christ angels are inviting; the reapers have come and are thrusting in their sickles; the chaff and stubble of fashions, forms and creeds, and man-made institutions, are being burned up by the unquenchable fires of eternal truth. The granite rock of righteousness is laid bare—and upon "this rock," with its seven thunders and seven steps of holiness, an order of society is being built, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. Weary not, O brothers and sisters, ye are the first fruits, prophecies of the coming harvests. Upon your forehead the angels have written the word *Faithful*. The teachings of purity, peace, and "all things in common" are based upon the foundation of eternal truth and justice. They lead to heaven, to salvation, to-day; to the Zion of our God. I must come up to Mt. Lebanon—the New Jerusalem of the country and century—this fall.

I recently had an excellent letter from Elder Eades, of South Union. He is rich in faith, and full of hope for the future. Remember me most kindly to all present—"One family, we dwell in him—one church above, beneath."

My sincere prayer is, that God and good angels may bless you, one and all.

Most cordially thine,

J. M. Peebles.

MT. LEBANON, August 16, 1874.

G. F. TRAIN—MY DEAR FRIEND,

I want to hear from you—and to see you. Next Wednesday, if you will be here, you shall have the rare privilege of attending our Social Gathering. You would be the first outsider who has ever attended. I have invited Peebles, but do not much expect him. This invitation is to you, on the ground of friendship, and the self-denial you practice, in abstaining from fleshly lusts and fleshly food. Come by G. F. Train, on Harlem Express, to New Lebanon Depot, then to North Family.

F. W. Evans.

TURKISH BATH HOTEL, 41 W. 26TH ST.,
NEW YORK, August 19, 1874.

DEAR ELDER EVANS:

Head and shoulders over Sects, Dogmas, Creeds, Lawyers, Doctors, Priests, Politicians and Beechers, the Disciples of Ann Lee have jumped the fence of bigotry, fanaticism and superstition—holding Church and State, consuming wars, Inundations, Famine and Panics, at arm's length. They are victorious, over the Appetites and the Passions.

Startling changes are so near at hand, I seem chained here, as by fate. It may be *Revolution*.

What binds us, in affinity, is Truth. I want to meet you and yours, but destiny keeps me still, a Hermit. Some time I will come, but not now. The Fruit is not yet ripe. The Harvest is not ready for the Reapers. The Dead Carts will soon come round, and Property will have no value. That thins out the diseased, in body and pocket. *Beecher's* fall leads the way.

All your *Ideas* will prevail. *Nobody* will eat flesh, use Tobacco, drink Alcohol, chew Opium, nor destroy manhood—by and by. The Nation is Psychologizing, fast. The Electric Current is being magnetized into man, and I cannot move yet. So, say all manner of kind things to your people, and take much good will for yourself.

Geo. Francis Train.

MT. LEBANON SHAKERS.

[From the Albany Evening Times.]

Mt. Lebanon Shakers, the largest and richest community of that peculiar class of people in the United States, with possibly one exception in the west. On my return I took the road which leads through the settlement, and stopped for a few moments chat with Elder Evans, the leading apostle of Shakerism of the present day. The neatness, plainness and regularity for which this people are proverbial were apparent in every detail. Even the ox carts lying idle under the sheds were arranged at exactly equal distances from one another, and their noaps were not allowed to point one half's breadth to the right or the left. Elder Evans welcomed me with quiet hospitality, and invited me to dinner, which was prepared by one of the sisters, and was of plain, but wholesome abundance. I had but a few minutes to spare, and could not go over the place as I very much wished to. The number now in the community is about four hundred.

Elder Evans said that the story, that the society was decreasing in numbers and would soon die out, was as old as the society itself. Shakerism, he said, was the ripened fruit of humanity, and if its believers dwindled in numbers, it was the fault of humanity and not of the system. Shakerism was as dependent upon the outside world as the apples upon the tree. If there was any falling off, it was on account of the low state of the religious sentiment in the world. He believed that a grand revival would take place ere long; the religious feeling would be quickened, and then Shakerism would be benefited thereby. The principles of communism and celibacy, he said, were adhered to by those who attained to the highest religious life among all people. They were found even among the Brahmins of India. He had recently been in communication with the leaders of the Mennonites, who are soon expected in this country. Among them was a class who believed as the Shakers did, and it had been suggested that on arriving here, they should unite with them, and such an arrangement seemed altogether probable.

"We are living," said he, "in the highest form of religious life yet attained to by mankind. Others have lived lives of chastity, but in monastic cells, or in the cloister. Here the sexes live together, yet apart. The result is that the passions are finally subdued, or the unsuccessful ones go out from among us and marry."

Regretting that I had no more time to spend with this remarkable philosopher, fanatic, saint, or what you will, and regretting still more that Shakers did not take summer boarders, I bid the Elder adieu and departed out of their coats.

P. W.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN writes to his favorite paper: "Having eaten no meat, eggs, fish, oysters poultry, or animal food of any kind for many months, all the ancient argument, antagonism, ferocity of my nature has died out, and yet I am in savage health and terrible mental vigor. I never imagined a Bengal tiger could be transformed into a Mongolian sheep by Turkish baths and a vegetable diet. I suppose the new religion of evolution has helped to make the change. I am either incubating some gigantic power to develop love and truth in mankind, or I have culminated in the most magnificent fizzle produced for centuries."

SHAKERESS.

A. DOOLITTLE, EDITRESS.

INDISCRIMINATE READING.

KING SOLOMON, the Temple builder, who lived in what is termed the fifth age of the world, is said to have been a very wise man. He admonished the people in his time, that "Of making many books, there was no end"—that happiness did not consist in much study—but in fearing God and keeping the injunctions given through the Law and the Prophets. What would that preacher of olden time, say, if he lived in the present book-making, newspaper-reading age?

We have no account that Jesus wrote any books. It is said, that upon a certain occasion, "he stooped and wrote with his finger on the ground;" but much has been written by others concerning his marvelous doings and sayings; and one of his disciples supposed, "that if all he said, and did, should be chronicled, the world could not contain the books." We will suppose that he referred to the world of mind then in existence—not to the earth: for books have rapidly increased from that time unto the present, and thousands of volumes are published from year to year, and yet there is room.

Jesus, the Anointed, came seeking fruit. He said, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." His sayings were fraught with wisdom, but he exemplified his mission by his life deeds, as fully as by his words. He sought to embody all true principles in his own life and character—to be a living open volume—an epistle that could be read of all (spiritually minded) men and women. Would it not be wise for the present generation of people, to copy the example of Jesus, to some extent,—write less, and practice more—read less, and work more? *i. e.* Write what is true and useful, and read to gain knowledge that is worthy to be reduced to practice; not to kill time, nor for the lust of reading, which is done to a great extent by the present and rising generations, to their injury. If we judge of the moral status of man and women, by the company they keep, with the same propriety we may judge of private individual character, by the books which they surround themselves with. Light or obscene reading creates morbid mental appetites, and is a sure indication that those who indulge in it, are prostituting the noble faculties of the human mind to base uses.

In a recent number of the R. P. Journal, we notice the following: "Let a man capable of judging, travel through ten, or twelve States, visit three hundred families in the cities and country, and make special enquiry in each what the general reading of the family consists of; then if he should be asked what the American people read, I think he would say—The upper classes read fiction, fashion, fable and allegories; the lower classes, fiction, fashion, love and ghost-stories. Our fathers and grandfathers had no such reading. It was not in existence then. But the present generation has been reared in it. And by it, the whole country is filled with folly, fashion and wine."

Novel reading is bewitching; it is designed to act upon and stimulate the animal passions,

and corrupt the minds of those who give their time and attention to it. They taste, and thirst for more; and the youth of our land are eagerly drinking of those poisonous waters; and they inhale the foul atmosphere, which surrounds those impure fountains, which is as deadly miasm to the moral and spiritual part of their being.

As truly, as all food taken into the stomach goes to form bone and muscle, and the blood which courses through the veins, and to make up the physical frame of a man or woman, so the mental food—what the mind receives—thinks upon, and communes with, whether in reading or otherwise, forms and animates the soul which dwells in the material body—the tenement which is given for use while in the earth life, and not for abuse.

How great the necessity, that we carefully select good and pure food for the body and the mind; for we cannot escape the results. As we value health and happiness, let us strive to avoid all disease-producing causes. Light, trashy literature, will never be sought for, nor indulged in by true Reformers, and Saviors of our race. Those who desire to save others from intemperance, and to uplift those who have prostituted their God-given powers to sensuality, and thus become the victims of crime, must themselves be temperate and prove their integrity by being virtuous and honest. And to accomplish this, the avenues of the heart must be guarded, that no influence in the guise of friend, or foe, that would throw one poisonous dart to corrupt the thoughts,—dim the vision—or pervert the understanding, be suffered to approach.

We shall, if consistent, select the best company that we can find—neither giving nor accepting evil communications—but be ready at all times to turn from every influence that would allure to false and carnal pleasure. We shall remember that every book, and paper that we read, bears the impress of the author's mind; and as we come into rapport with them, we receive either life, or death to our spirits.

We have many times sorrowed in spirit, to see talent which should have been dedicated to high and noble purposes, employed in writing romance and novels to stimulate unhalloved desires, and to make money. Let all lovers of virtue spurn such literature, and cultivate a taste for the good and useful; and form a character which they can themselves respect. Then, they will never fail of having the confidence and respect of others.

When such shall have finished their course in this life, they will "lift up their eyes to the everlasting hills," as did Jesus their prototype, and say "The hour is come," Father, Mother, glorify us as we have glorified God on earth. Give us to drink of the cup of joy with purified saints in mansions of peace and rest. As Jesus and Ann, through the Christ baptisms, became one with the Father, Mother, God, so make us one with them! And the response will be given, "Amen, even so shall it be."

OUR CENTENNIAL.

ABOUT a hundred years ago a little company of nine embarked from the shores of England to find a spot where they could carry out the principles they had received from the Spirit of good, which were leading them to seek for purity of heart and life, as the means of attaining the holiness required of God as the first condition of millennial dawning.

Instructed from the Spirit world that this work was to have its growth and fulfilment

in this country, struggling at that time for freedom, they forsook the land which had so bitterly persecuted them for their strange and unwelcome testimony of truth, and, for nearly three months, were confined to the narrow limits of a small sailing vessel, the bark Maria. Feeling called upon to go forth in their simple worship, they did so, which aroused the enmity of the Captain to that degree that he threatened to throw them overboard. But a violent storm succeeding, the ship sprang a leak, and the captain, in terror, said "they must all perish before morning." But Mother Ann told him to be of "good cheer." She had seen two shining angels standing by the mast who assured her that not a hair of their heads should be harmed but they should arrive safely in America. She then went to work with them in bailing the water, and so inspired the men, that they were kept afloat until a wave striking the vessel, restored the plank to its place.

In like manner she inspired the little handful of followers while suffering hardships after their arrival, in the wilderness of Niskayuna, with the same precious faith in the power of God, which called them to forsake all for the Christ principle.

Although she did not, like her Lord and Master, receive her inspiration soon enough to save her in virgin purity, still, she, through suffering and struggle, obtained redemption from a sinful nature, and was made meet to be a co-worker, with him, for the redemption of a lost world. There seems such a depth of wisdom, such a fullness of love and such a martyr-like heroism, in her character and mission, such an entire obedience to the spirit of truth revealed to her; and that truth so difficult for woman's lips to utter—so shocking to the sensitive ear of man-made modesty—that I can revere, and scarcely refrain from worshipping that devoted one. The good, the true and the Christ-like in her I do worship. I regard it as an emanation from the All-Good, and as a blessed pattern for my imitation. The world has its war and blood heroes, and who shall say there is no need of Spiritual and celestial heroes?—whole souled devotees to the elevation of the race through an entire abrogation of self, save in the perfecting of their own spirits by the practice of the Christian oneness: squaring their lives by the precepts of Christ that they may become fit temples for the spirit of God, and to perform the master's use?

In times of danger or persecution it seemed as though her own safety, or comfort, were but minor considerations; and while she would shed tears at the sufferings of others, her own spirit became so free from the operations of a selfish nature that she could trust in the almighty arm to shield and protect her while uttering her most unwelcome truths. The weak and craven fear of harm, or defeat, seemed to find no room in her soul; but "perfect love cast out all tormenting fear," and fulfilled the scripture saying "The righteous are bold as a lion," yet "harmless as doves." Indeed, the dove-like Spirit of the Christ, seems to awaken so much that is most lovely and commendable in its receiver, that it wins a sort of homage and respect, from even those whose lives are rebuked by its spirit, testimony and life; and they behold the Christ in his works; when a Pharasaic, self-asserting spirit, would only awaken the corresponding element in them, by arousing their combativeness. Oh! for the lion and the lamb to fraternize so completely, that the product will be a noble, genial, unselfish individuality, inspiring peace and happiness, instead of distrust and envyings, and eliminating the pure joy and simplicity, of which even the child can partake!

The goodness of Mother's heart, is manifested in her enduring such powerful and continued mental and spiritual conflicts, for the release-ment of her own soul, into the freedom of perfect purity, in the shortest possible time; for she was a faithful warrior, and ceased not, until Satan, coming, could find nothing in her to respond. But its greatness is none the less manifest, which enabled her to meet physical hardships and perils—self-denials and sufferings—and indeed, to shrink at nothing which came in the way, as a result of her spirit's obedience to truth.

Noble, heroic mother! may thy daughters share largely in thy courage and love, and a host of brave and self-denying sons rise up to call thee Blessed. Surely in the contemplation of such a whole souled pattern and leader and of such a cloud of witnesses as have been harvested during these passing years, we may keep a joyful centennial in our hearts, though it find no outward demonstration.

And while we contemplate the past growth and increase, must we not still pray that the sickle-bearing angel of truth, may reap many souls from the rapidly whitening fields of nature, which we know must have become arid and barren to them spiritually, that in the garner of life they may become "bread for hungry souls."

"Hail, thou victorious gospel!
And that auspicious day
When Mother safely landed
In Hudson's lovely bay!"

E. H. Webster, Harvard, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following letter may be interesting to some of the readers of our paper, when they learn that the writer, who was then in good health, died suddenly in about a month's time after she wrote it. It was not designed to be made public, and we withhold the name.

DEAR SISTER ANTOINETTE:

Friend F. W. Evans recommended me to write to you, dear sister, and gladly I avail myself of the opportunity. "Write just as you feel," he said; but my heart is so full I hardly know where to begin. That good man (F. W. E.) wrote such a beautiful reply to my first letter of inquiry—and sent me papers—then, when he came to the city, he called to see me; and I feel very grateful for such kindness. I believe he represents numbers who are like himself.

Well, I feel, dear sister, that my greatest need at present, is to be a silent listener to your teaching. Friend Evans has done me more good than all the teachers, doctors and nurses, I ever had in my life. He swept through the old and new testament, from the beginning of Genesis, to the end of Revelation—and set it before me in a bran new dress—common sense.

After he left, I fished up my poor little bible, that was banished several years ago to the bottom of a "Saratoga" trunk; and with unfeigned humility asked its pardon. Now, I will read—think and think:—by and by I will come to some thing, that will neither clear away, nor let me pass. Then, may I come to you for instruction dear sister? I shall soon have to enter my profession again, and shall feel so much stronger under the influence of your love. I will hurry, and finish my work here—and then—if you all think best—"come home." O how those words inspired me!

I hope my brain is safely through—done forever with the molting condition—and that this new crop of feathering ideas, under sound Shaker nourishment, may grow up into strong, useful quills.

I believe there are many right here in this very city, who are starving for just such food as Elder Evans gave me yesterday! how much I wished, when he was talking, that the room could have been filled with appreciative listeners! How are they to be reached? for that class seldom speak their minds—they see nothing to satisfy their souls—and they sink in despair!

A young, and beautiful girl, started with me in the career of life, whose brilliant future was prophesied by all who knew her; and whose untimely death was caused, without a doubt, by her utter abhorrence of the poisonous materialism with which she was surrounded. Her last words to me were "I am going where I shall have less trouble in making myself understood; and if you love me, bid me God-speed." It is easy to understand what a "Pearl of great price" Shakerism would have been to her, and it is sad to reflect, how many are lost for the want of true knowledge.

But I have encroached too much upon your time, and must bring my letter to a close.

Please remember me kindly—and in Celtic phrase, I will say to all those under the immediate sunshine of your blessed faith—"May your shadows never grow less." Affectionately yours,

K. S.

ANSWER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Yours of the 18th inst., came to me by last evening's mail. I was pleased with its contents from beginning to end. I love the breathings of your spirit—your frankness—sincerity and child-like dependence. That "old book" that has so quietly rested in the "trunk," contains some beautiful instructions, "profitable," to those of enlightened understanding, "for doctrine, reproof and correction, that the man, or woman of God, may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works." If we give heed to the instructions of that book, we cannot give to the children a stone, when they ask for bread; neither say to them, when cold and naked, "be ye warmed and fed," without imparting to them of our treasures.

Our heavenly Father and Mother—God—give freely to those who ask, if they ask in faith and sincerity. If we freely receive, it is our duty to freely give. This is the reason, dear child, that I take the earliest opportunity to reply to yours, that you may feel, we have ears to hear and hearts to sympathize with you, in your aspirations for a higher life. Verily, my friend, God hath dealt kindly and generously with us; and after many years' experience, we are enabled to say, that the eyes, ears and hearts, of those who seek pleasure in worldly things—in unrighteousness—can neither see, hear, nor understand the things that God hath prepared for those who love him so truly, that they consecrate all to his service; and, who not merely say, "Lord—Lord," and retain all that is self-pleasing, and think to pay their way to heaven and happiness, by giving a large salary to a hireling priest-hood—as they would pay their fare from New York to Cincinnati, in a railroad car; but through self-sacrifice, and toil, they gain the treasures of eternal life. Such find the highway that is cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in. The waters of the great deep (sea of worldly, carnal pleasure,) are dried up, and truth lovers will pass over and come unto Zion, joyfully. They will gladly leave the house of bondage in the dark and shadowy land and seek to find the place, where broad streams and rivers flow; where are green and living pastures, warmed and vivified by the sunlight of truth and Divine revelation.

I wish you were free from all claims that the world has upon you, that you might "Come home now" and take with us the Christian's cross, and with us wear the victor's crown! While duty calls you to remain where you are, you may come in spirit, or by letter, to me—to us—and freely make known your feelings and desires; and while you are thus separated from us, attending to present duties, if you feel at times that you are surrounded by temptation, and dangers attend you, remember your Shaker friends. Come to us, and we will give you love that is not of the world, to strengthen, shield and protect you. Ask any question freely, and we will be honest and deal frankly with you. If we possess knowledge of the true Christian life and character which you are not in possession of, we have received that knowledge through practical obedience to truth, and from spiritual guides and teachers, who are progressed beyond us, and we have no cause for boasting; but freely impart to others, of the treasures that have been so mercifully bestowed upon us.

We are thankful to know, there are many, at this time like yourself, who are ready to burst their swaddling clothes—open their eyes to simple truth—and leave the dark shadows of mysticism which have gathered around the bible by false teachers and worldly interpreters, until all has become a myth. With you, I sorrow in spirit that those who would thankfully receive food for their famishing souls, do not know where to seek it.

We must pray to God to send Agencies to them, as he has done to you, to show them the way, the truth, and the life.

That good Being, who endowed us with reason and intelligence, will never ask us to surrender those God-given powers, in regard to religion. Reason, Science and Religion are in perfect accord. So hope on—hope ever—Write whenever you feel like it.

Thine in Christian friendship.

Antoinette Doctittle.

MORNING LIGHT.

LET not thy sight be dim, nor thine ear heavy. For the daughter of Zion calleth to the multitude of "erring sisters" whose mental and physical doings cast a dark shadow over the future destiny of the race.

She would fain speak into their hearts words that burn, and breath into their souls inspirations that would effect a radical change in their lives.

Creative agency is placed within the province of human responsibility, being wholly committed to the power of man, and woman. And I am moved by deep sympathy, to make a friendly effort to aid those suffering females, who have been drawn into the vortex of "social evil" by ignorance, or poverty. The native innocence and original purity of thousands of the young and inexperienced are destroyed by their imbibing false principles. O that the warning instructive voice of reason might be heard like a faithful friend, forewarning children and youth with knowledge to protect them from impending danger.

A voice from the higher spheres has long been calling to the inhabitants of earth to come out, and away from the haunts of infamy, and to engage in some useful manual occupation. It will be admitted that the formation of habits, either indulgence, or self-restraint, is the foundation of that character which is noble, pure and good, or dark, infamous and degraded. The strongest love, is often tributary to an evil influence—lust. The children of this world, who marry and give in marriage, are not yet subjects of the new, spiritual birth.

Come forth ye heroic daughters of the nineteenth century, and protest against the "social evil," which ruins so many thousands. You have been nobly engaged in overthrowing intemperance, which goes hand in hand with other sensual passions of mankind.

By a mighty struggle, the slave was liberated from bondage! Woman has grappled with the monster intemperance; now let her, with the besom of power in her hand, sweep the social evil out of existence, and restore to herself the order of times and seasons, and teach it her children, and her children's children.

O ye heroines, turn from the temptations of vice,—assert the dignity of womanhood! Sever the bands of death—sensual sexuality—then will the spiritual powers of the soul, which should pervade the whole being, limit the tide of excess. Come unto Wisdom, with the whole heart, and the royal scepter of power will be placed in your hands, that will insure victory, and give joy and rest.

Rhoda Blake, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE daily habits of every boy and girl are materials with which they are building up their characters, and every repetition has the effect of strengthening them for good or evil. Justice, benevolence, honor, integrity and self-control are no ephemeral blossoms that a day's sunshine can call into being and a night's frost can wither and kill. They grow slowly and develop gradually, but once rooted firmly in the heart and trained by constant exercise, they will prove sturdy, healthful, long-lived plants that will bear rich and abundant fruit. It is not enough to teach; we must also train. It is not enough to tell the child what is right; we must accustom him to love its atmosphere. So with self-culture. If we would become nobler and more virtuous, we must habituate ourselves to the constant exercise of pure thoughts, generous affections, noble and disinterested deeds.

HALLOWED MOUNTAIN.

Blest mountain, I view thee with deep admiration!
Thy lands are enchanting and lovely to me;
I've drank at thy fountains, and pass'd through
thy burnings.
I've wash'd in thy Jordan my soul to set free.
Thou art the sweet home of my youthful enjoy-
ments;
Fond hopes and bright futures then center'd in
thee;
I bow'd at thy altars, the shrines of the living.
And gain'd the protection that hath shielded me.
Again I've ascended thy summit of beauty;
I've sat at thy base in humility bow'd;
There pray'd to my heavenly father and mother,
Lest I should be haughty, exalted or proud.
How kindly they listen'd to humble entreaties—
Those low earnest breathings that rise from the
soul—
They sent to me bread, by the hands of the angels
And life giving water, which maketh all whole.
When thy skies were darken'd with clouds of
affliction,
The flash of the lightning played fearfully round;
O then have I trembled, and sought for repent-
ance—
I've shudder'd and shrunk at the thunders deep
sound!
And when they were brighten'd with smiles more
propitious—
The bright-golden sunshine illumin'd the day—
I drank the sweet dews that were falling from
heaven,
And gather'd rich flowers that grew on the way.
How can I but love thee, fair mountain of glory!
My heart has one aim, and my spirit one care;
'Tis ever to serve the Eternal who formed me
And built on thy heights the great Temple of
Pray'r!
So glorious and holy are all thy surroundings,
Here Seraphs of mercy and Cherubim rest,
The Lord's house of honor and praise they are
guarding,
By myriads of shining immortals, 'tis blest.
Here reigneth the King of the first resurrection,
Revealing the means of salvation from sin;
The Queen in her loveliness stands in the king-
dom—
They call to the sin-sick, O come, enter in!
And now, as I'm viewing thy vast elevation—
Repeating the eulogies—sacred to thee,
I think when a lone little wanderer in nature,
How I was call'd hither thy glory to see.
Jane Emily Smith, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

DRESS.

As our little Bark arrives in port every month,
laden with rich stores of good things from the
"Delectable Land," there is one important
subject that has been treated rather sparing-
ly, the subject of Dress—the love of which,
fills the human mind, and engrosses much of
the time and attention of the present age.
Some kind of dress is a necessity. But dress-
ing for show, is woman's folly, her proclivities
are to overdress, without reference to use or
modesty. And her vanity is apparent in this
respect, both within and outside of the so-
called Christian Churches of the day. Human
nature is the same in all ages, differing in de-
gree.

In Apostolic times, the same spirit sought
entrance, and Timothy and Peter gave some
strong admonitions concerning it. They
taught, that instead of adorning the outward
person with gold—plaiting the hair—and
putting on costly and useless apparel—they
should clothe the inner man and woman with
the incorruptible—"a meek and quiet spirit—
chaste conversation," which in the sight of
God is of great price.

We do not need to go back to Paul, the
minister of the Corinthian Church, centuries
ago, to learn that "the fashions of the world
pass away"—not the marriage institution
only, of which he was then speaking—but its
fashions in dress also. The marriage vows, at
the present time, do not even retain much of
their former sanctity; however high the priest
may stand, who sanctions the contract, it gives
way, before the latitudinarian, as a rope of
sand. Gaudy attire is the concomitant of
sensuality—the handmaid that seeks to cover
up the diseases of the body and soul—by
garments of purple and scarlet—gold and
costly pearls. Was Paul severe, when he
pointed out heady, highminded, incontinent
men, as finding their way into houses to lead
captive silly women—those who dress gaily
with the intention of enticing and drawing
such men to them? And is it strange that
such persons should be the servants of low
sensual desires and passions? They who
give their minds wholly to pleasure-seeking—
and to fashionable dress, which is ever chang-

ing, so that they have no time to devote to the
good, the useful, and the true, are in a pitiable
condition of servitude, whether they profess
to be sinning Christians, or sinning Infidels.

When the Methodist denomination were a
living people, and possessed the vitalizing
power of God, their faith led them to dress so
plainly that they were easily known. Where
are they now? Verily their glory, which con-
sisted in Christian plainness and simplicity,
has departed.

Among the many Reforms and Reformers,
which are now agitating the public mind, and
shaking society to its very center, few, com-
paratively, have given their attention to the
subject of *Dress Reform*. If strong minded
women could possess the moral courage to
stem the tide of popular opinion, and adopt
some mode of dress—plain—comfortable
and modest; and not swerve from their pur-
pose, until they had accomplished a radical
reformation in the dress of women, thousands
would eventually rise up and call them blessed
for the good done to humanity.

When the time arrives that woman is ac-
cording her legitimate right to sit in the Legis-
lative halls—not as spectator—but as *Ar-
biter*, co-operating with men, in framing and
sustaining the laws of the land, then may we
not hope that she will rise to the dignity of
true womanhood, and nobly vindicate the
justice of her position, by showing that she
has a mind that can grasp *substantial* things—
a mind that cannot be veered by the capricious
winds of fashion, which, their origin consid-
ered, every noble minded woman would have
cause to despise.

I must confess, that when I see the ludicrous
style, and the extravagance of fashionable
dress at the present time, I turn away in dis-
gust. I feel like prostrating my body and
bowing my spirit in gratitude to God, for the
union and communion of those whose hearts
are withdrawn from the world, and lifted
above its vanities—and are seeking treasures
that will not perish.

And with my dear Gospel Sisters, I would
be more fervently engaged in the work of
subduing those elements within, whence
spring "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the
eye and the pride of life,"—the foundation
principles of the world. Only in thus doing
can we fill the Christian character, and per-
form our mission to God's acceptance.

If we guard the avenues of the heart, and
reject every temptation that would lead away
from the simplicity of the truth, and induce to
worldliness, in manners and dress, and in all
things conform our lives to true Christian
principles, then we shall become active work-
ers in the temple of God, set upon the hill of
truth, that will give light to the nations of
the earth.

Marcia M. Bullard, Canaan, N. Y.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

ARE you happy and contented in your Shaker
home? Do you never feel a desire to mix and
mingle with the world, in its fashions, pleas-
ures and life, in the generative order? Are
you not so bound that you cannot withdraw
from this people if you wish so to do? Is not
life dull and monotonous, with you,—devoid
of the social intercourse and entertainment
which add cheer and pleasure in all its phases?

These and many other similar questions are
often put to us by strangers. It is not strange
that such thoughts and queries should arise
in the minds of those who have never en-
gaged in the cause, and have not been spiri-
tually exercised to comprehend the work—its
vital power of action—its inner attractions,—
the centripetal force which holds us together,
in a body, under "one Faith, one Lord, and
one Baptism." To answer, lucidly and con-
cisely, is a somewhat difficult task; especially
to those who have been reared under the old
theologies, which have been handed down
from generation, to generation, through many
centuries, and exist at the present time, as
blinding dogmas, giving license to sinful in-
dulgence, mixing flesh and spirit together.
Though we have valid reasons for the hope
and faith that are within us, which lift us
above the world, and guide us to the higher
life; yet, we find as a general rule, people
need a practical illustration presented to their

outward vision. Hence, to such enquirers (if
they are sincere), we say, Come and see what liv-
ing faith, and works, combined, have produced.

The Shakers, to thousands of people, are a
problem. That Shakers are celibates, are
neat, clean and industrious, is understood by
many. The *Principles*, producing such results,
are understood by few.

Knowing the innate love of pleasures in
young minds of the present age—seeking the
gratification of the senses, to the greatest ex-
tent attainable—self will, and independence
predominating, it is natural to wonder, how
the young, especially, can find contentment and
happiness within these supposed cloistered
walls.

To the truly rational mind, happiness is but
the result of virtue. This is the first idea to
be gathered, by those who would dwell in the
Shaker Order. True happiness can only be
found in well doing; but so long has passion
ruled the individual, instead of the individual
ruling and governing the low propensities of
their natures, that the power to control the
lower, and develop the higher, is weakened,
and seemingly lost in a chaos of worldly ele-
ments. To effect a change in things both
natural and spiritual, is the design now carried
into action by the Shaker Order.

To the first question, Are you happy and
contented? we make this reply. Children,
when first brought amongst us, seldom know
why they come, further than to accord with
the desire of their parents, who seek to pro-
tect them from the evils of the world without.
They enter a school, in which the disposition
and germs of future growth and character are
sought for. Growth from childhood years, is a
continual developing, or unfolding of the prin-
ciples which go to make the man and woman.

The faith and testimony of Christ's Second
Appearing, will either gather, or scatter.
Those, who from a lower organization develop
the animal and sensual, are as a consequence,
drawn back to the great magnet evil of the
world; such cannot find happiness and com-
fort among this people, because they are out of
their element. While, on the other hand,
those who from a higher organism, develop
the moral and spiritual; who love good, and
desire purity, are strengthened and encouraged
by those of riper age, who from a long expe-
rience of sacrifice and devotion to right prin-
ciples, testify of the glorious reward. Such,
find contentment and happiness, which no
other religious Order or Sect, or Infidelism
could in anywise afford.

And while the whole being is devoted,
through the reason and thought of maturer
years, to eradicate every form and degree of
evil from body and soul, and to establish the
truth, with all its ennobling effects, in the
heart and character, there is no desire what-
ever to mingle with the world in its ridiculous
fashions, pleasures or pains. The generative
life, in its highest forms, only tends to darken
the understanding and breathe the blight of
death to the angel-part in man and woman.
We are under no bonds save our own faith
and conscience. That we are debarred from
acting our free choice, is an erroneous idea—
a dying echo of past fabled stories—created
through enmity or by those who were ignor-
ant of the principle of the institution. Those
who choose a worldly life, are at liberty to have
it, and are welcome to its enjoyments, if they
find any therein, and also to the pains and vex-
ations arising therefrom, which are manifold.

Jesus likened the kingdom of heaven to a
net cast into the sea; bringing forth good and
bad fishes—the good were preserved—the
bad, cast into the sea again. Though we re-
nounce the vain amusements of the world,
and ever strive to hold the spiritual of greatest
importance, in all the duties of life, that does
not hinder a free and social enjoyment and
intercourse one with another—exchange of
good thoughts—ideas and feelings, and the
development and promotion of every gift and
talent.

Thus united as the heart of one, we are
unitedly working together, striving to cement
those links in the chain of life which will not
be dissolved either on this or the other side
of the river that flows, dividing time from
eternity.

Eloah F. Collins, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

JOURNEYING ON.

1. Our faith is un-cloud-ed and bright as the day, Up - lift - ing our spir - its from dark-ness a - way;
 2. The high-way of ho - li - ness we will pur - sue, While plea-sures ter - res - trial re - cede from our view;
 3. Brave pli - grims who tra-ver-sed this way in the past, With pure hal-low'd bless - ings our spir - its o'er - cast;
 4. Though thorny the path-way a - wait - ing our feet, And ma - ny the dan - gers and tri - als we meet,
 No sha - dow of turn - ing our pro - gress shall stay, We're bound for the re - gions of bliss,
 We'll sip from the foun - tain of life that is new, And feast on the fruits of pure love.
 They scat-ter'd the seed - germs of truth that will last, In beau - ty for - ev - er to bloom.
 With cou - rage un - daunt - ed no power can de - feat, We'll press for the heav - en - ly goal.

Chorus. spirited. p full
 We are jour - ney - ing on, we are jour - ney - ing on, To the love land of light, our beau - ti - ful home!
 Where sin can - not blight nor 'sor - row e'er come, O, beau - ti - ful, blest and e - ter - nal home.

CONTENTMENT.

It is an old maxim, that "A contented mind is a continual feast."

There is, perhaps, nothing more certain to insure happiness, than an even temperament—a cheerful, contented disposition that can look at the bright side of things, even under adverse circumstances. Nor is there any thing that will more effectually prevent usefulness, and mar the happiness of individuals, or produce more unpleasant conditions in society, than the reverse of this.

The former looks for good, and finds it; and is quick to discern virtue in others, and to cover their defects with charity. While the latter, sees every fault, and magnifies it, and finds it much easier to see deformity, than beauty; and always inclines to put bitter for sweet.

If we would make life bright and happy, and have friends to love and care for us, we must, while young, cultivate such dispositions and habits as will make us agreeable and useful members of society. We cannot be too earnest in this; for upon it depends, in a large measure, our present and future happiness.

We shape our course, the joy or fear
 Of which, our coming life is made;
 And fill our future atmosphere,
 With pleasant sunshine, or with shade.

Florence Martin, Union Village, O.

REVISION OF THE BIBLE.—It appears, from recent developments, that another revision of this book is now going on by a body of English scholars and theologians, and so thorough is the work to be done that it is expected to occupy altogether some eight or ten years. There is little doubt the bible needs an extensive revision, and there is much in it that, if left out altogether, would greatly improve it. But if it be truly the Word of God, how about these changes?—*Cape Ann Advertiser*.

THE GREAT HERESY.—There is one form of error so fatal, so persistent, so wide-spread, that it fairly may be called the *great heresy*. Its essence is this: Men regard religion, in some way, a substitute for right living, instead of the highest form of right living.

CANDY MANUFACTURERS AND CONSUMERS.

Com. Jourdan offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Frequent complaints have been made by the press and people that terra alba (which is nothing but plaster of Paris or gypsum), glaucure, lamp black, sulphuric acid, aniline, verdigris, Brunswick green, gamboge, smalts, ultramarine, oil of turpentine, prussic acid, rotten cheese, fusil oil, chrome yellow, and other drugs and compounds are largely used in the manufacture of cheap candies; and

Whereas, The indiscriminate use of such poisonous drugs and compounds is considered deleterious to health.

Resolved, That the sanitary committee, or such officers of this board as they may direct, do thoroughly investigate and report to this board as soon as possible the mode and material used in the manufacture of all descriptions of wares and merchandise made or sold by confectioners, in order that children at least may be protected from the evil effects of the dangerous compounds which are sold under the description of candy.

In this connection Commissioner Jourdan stated that he had heard on good authority that terra alba is used in place of white sugar; glaucure in place of gum arabic consists of mucilage of starch; lampblack, glue in place of gum arabic and liquorice; tonquin bean in place of vanilla; tartaric and sulphuric acids in place of lemon; aniline, a poisonous product of coal tar, in place of cochineal to color red candies; gamboge and chrome yellow in place of saffron to color yellow candies; smalt, verdigris, and Brunswick green to color blue and green candies; oil of turpentine for flavoring; rotten cheese and sulphuric acid to flavor pineapple drops.

Com. Palmer offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the sanitary inspectors be directed to inspect all the markets, vegetable and fruit stands, and report the number of street stands where fruits are sold, and the quality and condition of the fruits on said stands in their respective districts, at the meeting of the Board, August 4.—*Brooklyn Union*.

Cannot Believers substitute something for the children, in place of poisoned candies?

Or, some family manufacture candies, and sell to outsiders and to our own people?

Fossil oyster beds have been discovered above the snow line on the Rocky Mountains.

VISITING.

On the 5th instant, a company, of eight young Sisters, from the *North*, spent the day, at the *Second Family*. With faces beaming with satisfaction, they report a good time. And that their dinner was so rational, and simple its digestion did not, in the least, interfere with their social and spiritual love feast—their soul enjoyment.

They feel honored by the confidence reposed—their bodily wants being considered subordinate to sweet Gospel Union and Communion.

F. W. Evans.

The closer together the parts of mechanism are brought the more noise and friction there will be. Just so with mind—or imperfect, undeveloped mind—that is not polished by the emery wheel of divine truth and order.

ONE ugly nature is enough to dis Temper an entire family; and, on the other hand, one light-shedding, joy-bearing nature is enough to restore the equilibrium of a disturbed family. Great is the power of a human soul.

OBITUARY.

South Union, Ky.—1872.

MARY BEDELL, aged 77.

THERESA MILES, aged 58.

NANCY T. HOUSTON, aged 70.

JENCY DILLON, aged 75.

CYNTHIA SMITHSON, aged 21.

BETTY BERRY HILL, aged 83.

MARGERY MARTIN, aged 70.

SALLY ANN BAGWELL, aged 36. 1873.

PHUDENCE F. HOUSTON, aged 69.

MARTHA ROBERTS, aged 86; June 23, 1874.

ELIZA BARBER, deceased, at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., August 6, 1874, aged 75 years.

We've parted with a long loved friend,
 From this terrestrial sphere,
 Whose lowly soul was well refined,
 Through discipline and prayer.
 And on her banner is inscribed
 "Meekness and patient toil;"
 Peace was her motto, Truth her guide;
 Her life was free from guile.

P. A. Jones, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.